"S'Matter, Pop?" By C. M. Payne







HAND EM









FTER watching him as the old seadog in "Beauty and the Barge" and then seeing him as the old watchdog in "Grumpy" at Wallack's last night, it must be said that Cyril Maude is the finest character actor England has sent us since John Hare.

In these days of over-exploited "personalities" it is both a relief and a joy see an actor who knows how to sink himself in the part he is playing. Have you ever atopped to think how seldom you see this difficult trick turned? In his Braceful curtain speech—and I've grown to believe that curtain speeches are made in England—Mr. Maude referred to three characters in which he has apbeared here as his youth, his middle-age and his old age. On our part we might gladly add that growing old with Mr. Maude is altogether delightful. He was quite the liveliest and most wide-awake character on the stage last night then as the grumpy old lawyer who had retired to his easy chair he turned etactive and traced a stolen diamond of fabulous value by following a hair

that served as a thread to tie a camella 405.25G into the button-hole of the villain who thrust his arm through a door, turned fight in the dark, the youth who was carrying the precious jewel to London. Unlike the euphonious authors, Horace Hodges and T. Wygney Percyval, I haven't time to repeat the story again and again. They dragged it out into four acts when they might easily have put it into three. But truth compels me to say that "Grumpy" is an oldfashioned play. The same might be said of classics-but not all old-fashloned plays are classics. Those camellas and that hair! "Camille" couldn't have had more, and Bernhardt might have dled two or three times before the plot was unravelled. The sword of Damocles isn't to be compared with the suspense that hung on Susan's hair. And Susan was merely a housemaid with a good figure that attracted the youth who was loaded down with the

immense diamond. A glance showed Susan to have possibilities, yet grant-Cyril Maude as Grumpy. ing that her hair was all her own, no an could have dreamed that one single strand of this crowning glory would stretch through four nots. Everything else was very casual and sketchy, so for as the story went.

But the grouchy old party called "Grumpy" was not sketchy, and once Mr. Maude knew which way the hair was blowing he followed it with an unerring instinct. He stormed and rumbled and grumbled and occasionally he storred sair wound about that long-suffering camella. He played a man so old that he had to be helped to bed, yet he kept us wide awake with a thoroughly human character, shrewd, testy and as individual as a pair of carpet slippers. I might so on talking about this interesting, lovable old odger until your bedtime, but to save time I advise you to turn in at Wallack's. To be absolutely frank, I feel that you owe it to yourself to see Cyril Maude.

Ment of a strong of the strong

I'M UP AGAINST IT OLD MAN:

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I PROMISED TO TAKE A LITTLE

MEET A. GUY ON BUSINESS!

CAN YOU TAKE

HER FOR MET

WITH THESE

TICKETS?

It Can't Be Done!

A POTENTIAL.

nn Donn. TO MEET IS TO MEET HIM ON-THE NEXT CORNER AND I'LL KNOW HER BY THE LONG FEATHER IN HER HAT - I'LL

BET SHE'S A BEAR

חח

mairs or sets.

ping gayly with her right in and out Dave Wombold and Jack Haverly were among the whites and blacks for the in tune.

Romance is keeping steady company

He will stick.

Resping one eye on her barrette and time ago. the other on the score board, he can be Rice is strewn all the way from "De trusted to turn the music just as if he you love me Mollie Darling" to were doing it for pay and hold steady in "Iffichy Koo."

ROMANCE AND RAGTIME

A Lecture for Women and Girls Only, Delivered Before the O-ange Llossom Seclety.

bine-white stone, no matter whether yard of the real goods in two, four, all

The Day's Good Stories

By Elsa Crosby.

Cappright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). PAIRLY upright plane with a , one place until she is ready to hand-embreidered cover and hands. ette tray just to the east of mechanical department, with his feet the main track can always so piled one on top of the other on the worked for an engagement ring with a loud pedal and tearing off yard after

mother has one daughter or two, or time or swifter, nothing except a sudden voice out of the darkness or a yank at Music has been the great popular the doorbell conser ever since the Siren Sisters be-gan taking club rate lessons in voice She will rest on her arm levingly on

culture to fit themselves for choir work.

It will be remembered that there were three of those girls—a blonde, a brunette and a cute little thing called Petty.

One was a mezzo-soprano, another was found to be in perfect unison. a so-so contraite and the third sang in a sort of a skeleten night key as she to the is clever for her age and feltusied herself about the house.

tunied herself about the house.

One of her test plees was "Home is can land him without calling for a ne: by using the leng-drawn sigh and the half-Nelson modified for amateurs and joke her cruelly and say she must be living in the workhouse.

If she is clever for her age and follows mother's oft-repeated advice she can land him without calling for a ne: by using the leng-drawn sigh and the half-Nelson modified for amateurs and the parior.

Next morning she can spend the entire

iving in the workhouse.

But that is history. Let's get back to day sending out the glad secret on picture plane.

Next energing she can spend the entire day sending out the glad secret on picture plane. With Marguerite nicety smoothed out and avoiding the dishes and the ironing.

before the ivories and sort of trolling Music just gots them going nowadays for hase with her jewelled left and akip-

need of give or an ancher for George, with regime and the engagement of No will stick.

Where There's a Will The Cunniest Story of America's By Mary Roberts Rinehart Greatest Woman Humorist By Mary Roberts Rinehart

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

"No," I retorted, "you'd snut him in an old out oven and give him a shoe to chew, and he'd come out in three days frisking and happy. But you can't do that with people."

"Why not?" he asked. "Although of course, the supply of out ovens and old shoes is limited here."

"CHAPTER XVI.

"In elgar lighter?"
"Neither," I answered, looking over the head. "I am employed as the extension of gay guests."
"Good," she said, smiling. "I'm something fine at that myself. Suppose I stay here and help. If I watch that line of knitting women I'll be crochet-

IT CAN'T

BE DONE

TIT

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Tand Not Aged.

I ain't been there yet," retorted Bill, with a grean, "I begin to-morrer!"—Pittaburgh Chase-bare for a bit to est. He ordered, Then garing should, quietly thoughtful in a second and writed.

sate the peculiar coordistions of a metaurest sarrising against charge recent hitchen, but he apent half an hour sisting there "No, siz." At last it came. As the waitress put the order before bits, he started from his deep study as if

stied he did some waiting, too. What 64W HATS the idea, Goog

"Doing this for a moving glob." "By no mean." "Then why chop down a treat"